

Mistrust (who ne'er is ripe, till worst be
thought on) Hath my crime racked, yet to
more high extensure.

And now 'tis drawn to flat Apostasy (So
straight beset; best, I lay hold on pardon !)
Why then, sith better i'st a penitentiary To
save, than to expose to shame's confusion.
Thy face being veiled, this penance I award,
"Clad in a white sheet, thou stand in Paul's
Churchyard !"

CANZON 37.



WHEN last mine eyes dislodged from thy
beauty, Though served with Process of a
parent's Writ; A *Supersedeas*
countermanding duty, Even then, I saw upon thy
smiles to sit! Those smiles which me invited to
a Party, Disperpling clouds of faint respecting
fear; Against the Summons which was served
on me, A larger privilege of dispense did bear.
Thine eyes' edict, the Statute of Repeal,
Doth other duties wholly abrogate, Save
such as thee endear in hearty zeal, Then be
it far from me, that I should derogate From
Nature's Law, enregistered in thee ! So
might ray love incur a *Pramunive*